Hit with *Cupids* archery,
Sinke in apple of his eye,
When his loue he doth eſpy,
Let her ſhine as glorioufly
As the *Venus* of the sky.
When thou wak'ſt, if ſhe be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Enter Pucke.

Puc'ke. Captaine of our Fairy band,
Helena is heere at hand,
And the youth, miſtooke by me,
Pleading for a Louers fee.
Shall we their fond Pageant ſee?
Lord, what fooles theſe mortals be!

Ob. Stand aſide: the noyſe they make,
Will cauſe *Demetrius* to awake.

Puc. Then will two at once wooe one,
That muſt needs be ſport alone:
And thoſe things do beſt pleaſe me,
That befall prepoſterouſly.

Enter Lyſander and Helena.

Lyſ. Why ſhould you think that I ſhould wooe in ſcorn?
Scorne and deriſion neuer come in teares:
Looke when I vow I weepe; and vowes ſo borne,
In their natiuity all truth appeares.
How can theſe things in me, ſeeme ſcorne to you?
Bearing the badge of faith to proue them true.

Hel. You do aduance your cunning more and more,
When truth kils truth, O diueliſh holy fray!
Theſe vowes are *Hermias*. Will you giue her ore?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh.
Your vowes to her, and me (put in two ſcales)
Will euen weigh, and both as light as tales.

Lyſ. I had no iudgement, when to her I ſwore.

Hel. Nor none in my minde, now you giue her ore.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. Demetrius
Deme. O *Helen*
To what, my loue,
Chriſtall is muddy
Thy lips, thoſe kiſſ
That pure congeal
Fan'd with the Eaſ
When thou holdſt
This Princeſſe of
Hell. O ſpight!
To ſet againſt me,
If you were ciuill,
You would not do
Can you not hate
But you muſt ioyn
If you were men, a
You would not v
To vow, and ſwea
When I am ſure yo
You both are Riu
And now both Ri
A trim exploit, a n
To coniure teares
With your deriſio
Would ſo offend
A poore ſoules pa
Lyſan. You are
For you loue *Her*
And heere with al
In *Hermias* loue I
And yours of *He*
Whom I do loue,
Hel. Neuer did
Deme. Lyſande
If ere I lou'd her, a